

King of Dragons

by Mr. K.W.C

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Summary: Original story by Scorpion6955. Frostbite, the son of Hiccup and Astrid, had a miserable life. But after meeting a strange old man in the world, his fate was changed dramatically. Now, he must use his new found powers to save the world from a tyrannical overlord before is too late. Rated T for possible violence.

1. Chapter 1

A/N: This story was created by Scorpion6955. He said in the last chapter of the series that he will allow me to adopt this story. I asked him by PM and he agreed that I can adopt the concept of it. If any of you found similarities between this fic and his, that is because I'm planning to use some elements from his two and try to improve upon it.

****Anyway, neither Scorpion6955 nor I own How To Train Your Dragon.
DreamWorks
does.****

[illegible]

It was a dark stormy night. A woman was giving birth to a baby. She was screaming loudly.

_A healer was aside her, and tried to tell her the fact the baby was
a stillborn._

"_Madam, he's... not breathing."_

"_Get out! Get out, all of you!"_

The only ones left in the hut was the woman and his stillborn baby.

"You know, a young man like you, usually thinks at a different time. Why are you doing here by this hour?"

"I couldn't sleep. I'm having some... troubles." I replied, before realizing that I'm opening up to him. " Wait, Why am I talking to you? I barely even know you!"

"You need someone to talk to. I see that you never had anyone that would listen to you, is that right?"

I nodded.

"Pardon me, my intuitive skills are a bit rusty but I can say, you have to many problems clouding your conscience and you never told them to anyone, not at all."

He's right. I do have a lot of problems that I never told to anyone, but how did he know that?

"Here, would you mind giving me your palm?" Verpo asked.

Is he... trying to read my palm? I thought that palmistry is forbid in...anywhere that I could think of. Even someone did lean it, I don't recall anyone that have arrived at Berk, and disappeared in the woods in the last few years. Dad never mentioned it either, though he might be too busy to tell me.

Nevertheless, I raised my palm and let him take a look at it, seeing that no harm could be done if I did it.

"Your past is full of negligence and disappointment, but there's good news on the horizon. You're about to reach a point in life where you will have to choose between life or death, being normal or different, a chiefdom or a kingdom." he said.

What? What does that even mean? It feels like he just told some gibberish to me!

"You're crazy, aren't you?"

"Aren't we all crazy, in some ways?"

After he said that, the sky seemed to have cleared up, the birds and Terrible Terrors are singing again and the light is shining, revealing the cave entrance.

"I better be going."

'Good, if you ever needed to talk to me, you're welcome to come back here to the Mountain of Forgotten" He said.

And a few moments later, I was already on my way to the village.

I do feel a lot better somehow. It's like there was a huge rock that is always crushing me to death, by talking to someone - even is a strange, creepy old man in the woods, it removes the rock a little bit.

Anyway, I felt better than ever before.

Anna Thorston, the adoptive daughter of Tuffnut Thorson, who, is a friend of my dad. She has long, silky, black hair and the world's

most beautiful pair of blue eyes that anyone would fall for.

Just as I see Aster around the corner, trying to talk to Anna, Gobber just had to ruin my chance to stop him from talking to her.

"Frostbite! Enough dilly-dallying! I want this sword sharpen now!" He yelled.

Gods! For an 70-year-old man, he sure can yell quite loudly.

Sometimes, I doubt that he actually cares about the importance of fascinating romance between a boy and a girl. Every time I gazed at Anna, he always snapped me back into reality. It's like he don't understand that I actually have a crush on Anna.

Then again, nobody understands me.

Since I couldn't hear what Aster was talking, or flirting - as anyone with a clear mind can tell, I sharpened the swords as fast as I could. Only to see Aster and his gang of friends standing by the tree where Anna is sketching the village.

First, there's Spitelout Jorgeson, named after his adoptive father Snoutlout Jorgeson, in honor of his father. Man, the similarities between the three of them are still uncanny to me. I mean, the cockiness, the flirting...everything are just so similar.

Then, there's Rufflegs Ingerman, son of Ruffnut Thorston and Fishleg Ingerman. From what I heard, he's just like his father â€" a walking Book of Dragons. But unlike his father,, who is a tad...big. He's well proportioned â€" something that I dreamed of having.

Of course there's Val. She always hangs around where the dragons are.

And then the devil himself...Aster.

Aster Finnegan Haddock.

I truly believe that he's out to make my life even more miserable. He often trains dragons and 'occasionally' make me life more terrible than what it is. And by occasionally, I mean always.

He never cares about me. In fact, I have determined that he is here to torture my soul. ON e example is by flirting Anna.

I'm convinced that he's doing it because he wants to annoy me with the whole 'about to be dating Anna' thing.

To my relief,Anna never said yes to him. I don't know why she would but hey, at least she's not going on a date with him!

And to me, this looks like one of those times where he fails.

"For the last time,I'm not going out with you!" Anna said.

"But babe, didn't you wanna sketch me with my beautiful body." Aster said while purposely

looking at me from a distance Yes, Aster. I know. You're better than me, okay?

"Hey! I Thought that I was going to get sketched by her first!" Spitelout protested.

"I'm the chief's son AND the possible head of Berk Dragon Academy. Of course I go first."

"It's not fair!"

"Well, life's not fair!"

"Hey! Who said anything about drawing you two!" Anna was annoyed from what I can see.

"Besides, who said that you would be the head of Berk Dragon Academy? The position is supposed to be for the heir only!"

"Yeah, but the one that is heir can't even train dragons! The only heirs that are capable of training dragons are me and Val, and since Val is a girl, she can't be the Head of The Academy. So naturally, that leaves me."

"What! Who said that a girl can't be the head of the Academy?" Val barged right into the conversation.

"You can't. You're a girl. We can't have a girl be chief and the head of the Academy..."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, now just wait a minute. You're not counting in that Frostbite's going to be chief first!" Anna reminded Aster.

"He can't! If he couldn't train a dragon, then how you suppose to let hm take care of a village?"

"Well, he'll find his way...eventually. Right, Val?"

"Yeah...maybe...I'm not sure." Val is definitely not helping me out here.

"Look, Aster. Remember what your dad used to be?"

"A runt, like Frostbite."

"Well, he did managed to shoot down a Night Fury."

"Yes, but..."

"And managed to ride said Nigh Fury..."

"We're not talking about..."

"AND managed to kill the Red Death, right?"

"Why are we even talking about this? Frostbite is not like my father! Well maybe he is but he will never be as good as his dad. Aggh... forget it." I can see his face is becoming red.

Well, at least I know that someone cares about me, and it just so happens to be Anna. This day is sure getting better...

Oh no. Aster is coming this way. He must have saw me smiling!

"Well, well, well. If it isn't the King of screw-ups himself?" From what I heard from his tone, he is sure to be embarrassed... and angry. "I don't know why would Anna, out of all the people, would defend you."

He then walked towards my pile of notebooks.

No, is he going to...

"Well look at here, that's a nice, little drawing of Anna..."He pointed towards a drawing in the notebook.

No...

Not that one...

Out of all the ones that you can pick, why did you pick that one?

He throws it into the fire.

"Well now it's gone." He said harshly.

"Why would you do this to me?" I asked.

"Isn't it obvious? You're a pathetic loser that can't train dragons. So why would you need notebooks in the first place?"

That hit me hard. I can't believe he said that.

"Well I have my reasons!" I responded.

"Like what?"

"Well...uh...hey, we're talking about you burning my notebooks, not me!"

'What you're gonna do about it?"

"Tell mum and dad."

"Will they listen?"

"Probably not."

"That proofs my point right there. No one ever listen to you or care about you. You're just a pathetic loser!"

"No! That's not true. Anna cared about me."

"Like you know that's true. From what I know, she could have been defending you for other reasons, so what made you think of that?"

"Well...uh..."

"Face it, Frostbite, you're nothing more than a bucket. Now would you excuse me, I will be leaving."

And he left with his two friends, leaving me, devastatingly standing there.

How could he say those words?

* * *

><p>"Uh dad, can I have a moment with you?" I asked.<p>

"Not now, son. I've to be getting the village ready for winter." He was busy putting food into the storage.

"But dad..."

"I'm really busy, son. Would you just go to talk to your mother about this?"

"Okay..."

* * *

><p>"Mom, do you have a moment?" I asked<p>

"Sure, what is it?" She said it even though she is making dinner.

"Aster burnt my notebook."

"Why didn't you hid it better?"

"Mom, it's not like that..."

"Or better yet, why didn't you stop him?"

"Nevermind, you're right, mom." I said as I walked upstairs, with my shoulders slumped down.

"Don't slouch, honey."

'Yes mom..."

The only thing I could wish for right now is a good night sleep.

Verpo's right. I need someone that I could talk to, to share his mess-ups, annoyances and problems. Ah... why does it have to be creepy old man that I met in the woods?

* * *

><p>AN: And that's chapter two(or three). I really did pick up my pace at writing. This chapter only took me two days to finish and there's more original content this time.**

**I don't know why I hinted that Gobber is gay.(If you haven't known, it's been officially confirmed by the director.) I also don't know

why I put Gobber's actual age in here. Sometimes I think that I don't know what I'm doing.**

Anyway, please review. It will make me very happy.

End
file.